

# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 350.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1834.

PRICE  
FOURPENCE.

This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.  
[J. HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

## REVIEWS

*Sismondi's History of the Fall of the Roman Empire.* Vol. I. London: Longman & Co.

We shall not attempt to institute the comparison between Gibbon and Sismondi which the title of this volume naturally suggests; it would be fair to neither party, least of all to the learned foreigner, who was confined within strict limits, and bound to a fixed number of pages. Neither shall we imitate those reviewers compared by Jean Paul to a person who, upon being asked what sort of creature man was, producing some tufts of hair and a few nail-parings, replied, "Man is pretty much like that." Our duty to the author and the public will be best discharged by examining the general principles maintained in this volume, and the facts by which they are illustrated and supported.

Sismondi regards History as a collection of experiments in the social sciences, and the only aid we can obtain for removing the doubts, difficulties and uncertainties with which those sciences are beset. Men are dogmatic in proportion to their ignorance: there is no subject involved in greater obscurity than the Theory of Society; there is none on which men are more ready to offer their crude opinions as undeniable axioms: nay, they hold that difference of opinion can only result from moral obliquity or downright folly. History, studied aright, teaches no lesson so strongly as the duty of indulgence and mutual toleration. Sismondi says, with equal force and truth—

"But the main source of the confusion and uncertainty which hang around moral or political science is, that several causes always concur to produce one effect; that, frequently, it is even necessary to seek in another branch of political science the origin of a phenomenon which presents itself to us in the one which presently engages our attention. We are struck by the tactics of the Romans; but perhaps it is rather to the education they received from their earliest infancy, than to the perfection of military science, that we ought to ascribe their success in war. We wish to adopt the English trial by jury; perhaps it will be found to be devoid of equity or of independence, if it be not supported by the religious opinion of the country. We talk of the fidelity of the Austrians to their government; perhaps their attachment is not to the government, but to the economical laws which are in force among them. We ought not, therefore, to be surprised if the social sciences are in a backward state; if their principles are uncertain; if they do not offer a single question which has not been the subject of controversy. They are sciences of fact, and there is not a single one of the facts on which they are founded which some one is not disposed to deny. They are sciences of observation; and how few are the accurate or complete observations which have as yet been collected for the purposes of induction. We ought rather to be surprised that men should hate and insult each other for what they understand so imperfectly. There is, perhaps, not one denomination of a sect, whether

in politics, philosophy, or religion, which has not, at some time or other, become a term of reproach. There has not been one opinion, of the many held on subjects so difficult, so complicated, by men who had no other end in view than the good of their species, which has not in turn been anathematised, and the profession of it treated as evidence of dishonesty and vice. Poor apprentices as we are in the theory of social existence, how dare we to affirm that the adoption of this or that principle proves a corrupt heart, when we cannot even demonstrate that it shows an error of judgment? Let us study: thus only shall we learn the extent of our ignorance. Let us study; and by learning to appreciate the difficulties, we shall learn to conceive how they may have given birth to systems the most widely opposed."

The entire work is written in the spirit of these remarks; instead of seeking to gratify our vanity, by pointing out the defects in past political systems, he is more anxious to pourtray their merits, to discover something that we should admire, rather than something that we should hate or despise. He constantly directs our attention to the internal structure of society, and regards the externals of empire as simple manifestations of the principle within. This is beautifully illustrated by his remarks on Roman architecture:—

"Moral habits and impressions are sometimes perpetuated in works of art, even after they are obliterated from the soul of the artist. Even at the latest periods of the decline of the empire, the Roman artist lived surrounded by the time-hallowed witnesses of the past, which kept him in the right path; he felt himself compelled to work for eternity. He continued to impress on his creations that character of power and durability, which give them a pre-eminence over all that have succeeded them. The imposing architecture of Rome has a strength and a grandeur which remind us of that of Upper Egypt. It differs from that, however, in its object: the Egyptians laboured only for their gods—the Romans, even during the period of their enslavement, worked mainly for the people. All their great edifices were evidently intended for the enjoyment of all. In the times of the republic, the chief object was the public utility, to which the aqueducts and magnificent roads of that period were destined to contribute. In the days of the empire, it was rather the public pleasure that was consulted: the result was circuses and theatres. Even in the temples, the Egyptian architect seems to have thought only of the presence of the Deity—the Roman, of the adoration of the people."

But Sismondi is not a universal panegyrist; he never spares the guilty, though shielded by prejudice, and flattered by preceding writers. He gives the following accurate description of Constantine, whom it has pleased Dr. Croly, in his passion for eccentric theories, to describe as a saint:—

"In a palace which he had made a desert, the murderer of his father-in-law, his brothers-in-law, his sister, his wife, his son, and his nephew, must have felt the stings of remorse, if hypocritical priests and courtier bishops had not lulled his conscience to rest. We still possess the panegyric in which they represent him

as a favourite of Heaven, a saint worthy of our highest veneration; we have also several laws by which Constantine atoned for all his crimes, in the eyes of the priests, by heaping boundless favours on the church. The gifts he bestowed on it, the immunities he granted to persons and to property connected with it, soon directed ambition entirely to ecclesiastical dignities. The men who had so lately been candidates for the honours of martyrdom, now found themselves depositaries of the greatest wealth and the highest power. How was it possible that their characters should not undergo a total change? Nevertheless, Constantine himself was hardly a Christian. Up to the age of forty (A. D. 314), he had continued to make public profession of paganism, although he had long favoured the Christians. His devotion was divided between Apollo and Jesus; and he adorned the temples of the ancient gods and the altars of the new faith with equal offerings. Cardinal Baronius severely censures the edict by which (A. D. 321) he commanded that the haruspices should be consulted. But as he advanced in age, Constantine's confidence in the Christians increased: he gave up to them the undivided direction of his conscience and the education of his children. When he felt the attacks of the disease which terminated his life at the age of sixty-three, he was formally received into the bosom of the church as a catechumen, and a few days afterwards was baptized, immediately before his death."

It would be impossible for us to enter into an examination of the state of society in the declining Roman empire. Some notion of the strange mixture of ferocity and cowardice which then prevailed, may be formed from the account of the massacre of Thessalonica:—

"Thessalonica was the capital of that great Illyrian prefecture, which, for years, had been subject to the horrible ravages of the Goths. Peace, it is true, had prevailed for eight years; but the Gothic army and nation had remained masters of the country. Not four years, moreover, had elapsed since a fresh invasion, that of the Gruthungians, had struck terror into the whole province. It was under these circumstances that the people of this great city, which had never resisted either foreign conquest or domestic tyranny, revolted on account of a charioteer of the circus, and massacred the lieutenant, the officers, and soldiers of their emperor. Nay, so universal was the rage for these spectacles, that, after having irritated a monarch whose terrible violence was well known, the crowd, childish as ferocious, rushed again, with blind unsuspecting eagerness, to the circus, and expected games when vengeance awaited it."

The foundation of the Frankish monarchy, and the rise of the Italian republics, are subjects in which the author manifestly found himself at home; and he has assigned to them rather more than their fair share of the volume. There is something so revolting in the depravities of the sons of Clovis, that we should gladly see the page blotted from history; at least such scenes should be barely sketched, for the mind shrinks back in horror from the complete picture. Chlothaire, however, deserves pity rather than hatred, for

the monks whom he protected stimulated him to crime. They encouraged him to polygamy by their dispensations, and even honest Gregory, of Tours, complacently relates the king's marriage to two sisters, in the style of the Old Testament.

"Chlothaire had already espoused Ingunde," says St. Gregory, "and he loved her alone, when she proffered a request to him, and said, 'My lord hath done with his servant that which hath seemed good to him, and hath called her to his bed, but now that the kindness of my lord and king be complete, let him listen to the prayer of his handmaiden. Choose, I pray thee, for Aregunde my sister, his servant, a man wise and rich, so that I be not humbled by her alliance, but exalted on the contrary, and that I may serve my lord with greater faithfulness.' Chlothaire heard what she said, and as he was extremely sensual, he burned with love for Aregunde. He speedily repaired to the country-house where she dwelt, and took her to wife; after this he returned to Ingunde, and said, 'I have provided for that which thou hast sought of me; thou hast asked a husband for thy sister both rich and wise, and I have found none better than myself; know then that I have married her, and that I would not have thee be displeased thereat.' Then Ingunde answered, 'Let my lord do that which is good in his sight, so that his handmaid find favour in the eyes of her king.'"

In writing the history of Justinian, Sismondi has paid little regard to that abominable libel, the *Anecdota*, ascribed to Procopius. Though by no means prepossessed in favour of the secretary of Belisarius, we are disposed to regard the work as spurious. Too little attention has been paid to the Persian history of this period by our author, and this is the more to be lamented as the rapid conquests of the Saracens were chiefly owing to the results of the contests between the Persians and Byzantines.

The last chapter is devoted to the life of Mohammed, and ample justice is done to the character of that truly great man. Sismondi justly says:—

"It would be an act of extreme injustice to persist in regarding as a mere impostor, and not as a reformer, the man who urged a whole nation onwards in the most important of all steps in the knowledge of truth; who led it from an absurd and degrading idolatry, from a priestly slavery which compromised morality and opened a market for the redemption of every vice by expiations, to the knowledge of an omnipotent, omniscient, and supremely good Being;—of the true God, in short; for since his attributes are the same, and he is acknowledged the sole object of worship, the God of the Muslims is the God of the Christians. The profession of faith which Mohammed taught to his disciples, and which has been preserved unaltered to this day, is, that there is but one God, and that Mohammed is his prophet. Was he an impostor because he called himself a prophet?"

"Even on this head, a melancholy experience of human weakness—of that mixture of enthusiasm and artifice which in all ages has characterised leaders of sects, and which we might perhaps find in our own time, and at no great distance from us, in men whose persuasion is undoubtedly sincere, and whose zeal ardent, yet who assert or insinuate a claim to supernatural gifts which they do not possess—ought to teach us indulgence. An intense persuasion is easily confounded with an internal revelation; the dreams of an excited imagination become sensible appearances; faith in a future event seems to us like a prophecy; we

hesitate to remove an error which has arisen spontaneously within the mind of a true believer, when we think it favourable to his salvation; after sparing his illusions, the next thing is to encourage them, and thus we arrive at pious frauds, which we fancy justified by their end, and by their effect. We easily persuade ourselves of what we have persuaded others; and we believe in ourselves when those we love believe in us. Mohammed never pretended to the gift of miracles; we need not go far to find preachers of our own days, who have founded no empires and yet are not so modest."

With Mohammed's death the volume concludes. Few readers will give the author credit for the extensive researches he has made, but all must feel the wisdom of his reflections, the spirit of his narrative, and his consummate skill in moral analysis.

*A Selection of Irish Melodies.* With Symphonies and Accompaniments by Henry R. Bishop; and characteristic Words by Thomas Moore, Esq. No. 10. Supplement to the same to conclude the Work. London: Power.

WE should not think the better of any one who could read the dedication of this tenth and concluding number of the *Irish Melodies*, without, in some measure, sharing the feeling under which it has obviously been written. Many years (we believe as many as twenty) have elapsed since the commencement of this work excited such universal delight among persons of every age, class, and character, as it would be difficult now to awaken upon any plea or pretence. The songs were sung by every one who possessed so much as an echo of a voice: they were quoted—copied—got by heart—in fact, we cannot imagine how the world of singers went on in the days when 'Tara's Hall,' and 'The young May Moon,' and 'The Meeting of the Waters,' were strains unborn. And now, after so many changes and casualties have passed over it, when the work is at last brought to a conclusion, when the last tones of the harp have died away, those must be colder-hearted than ourselves who can avoid remembering how many who welcomed the first with eager gladness, are now deaf to the sweet cunning of music for ever!

We have perhaps no right to do more here than consider these songs in a poetical point of view—but we shall take the opportunity of digressing, to offer a few general remarks upon the subject of words intended for music, as it is one which, we think, has hardly met the degree or kind of attention which it deserves. If our theory be correct, no song should come to judgment separated from its melody—and, in like manner, no air written for words, should be treated, when considered alone, as other than incomplete. It is the want of attention to this principle, on the part of both lyricist and composer, which has laid so heavy a reproach on our English language, as being unfitted for music. Many of our poets have done too much—out of the fullness of their stores, they have been too prodigal of thought, too lavish of rich and suggestive epithets. They have finished their creations, down to their minutest ornament—forgetting that they were afterwards to pass into the hands of the musician, and that the dainty attire, or

armour cap-a-pie, in which they were already clad, were only incumbrances in his way, injurious to their beauty as a whole, when completed. If we look at the stanzas left by Metastasio, we shall find them (putting the musical flow of their language out of the question) only so many graceful and distinct outlines ready to receive colour. We are borne along by the flow of their numbers—without being stopped in our course by any conceit which we must pause to examine, or interrupted by any change of sentiment, which invites, if it does not compel, our fancies in a new direction. We are aware, while we read, that something is yet wanting to them; and that want is amply supplied when they are united to befitting and characteristic music.

We feel that by confining the *chansonnier* to this perfect ease and simplicity of manner—by thus considering him as only co-labourer with the musician, instead of a separate artist, whose work is in itself complete, we shall be thought to lower the standard of poetical talent required for song-writing. And yet there is a difficulty in attaining this simplicity, or in retaining it without degenerating into common-place, which some of our best poets have never fully mastered. It is this perfect facility and *abandon* which have made Haynes Bayly's words for music so popular, while, on the other hand, they have seduced him into such a profuseness of diluted composition as has rendered his name justly offensive in the ears of stern critics. No one, in his sober senses, would dream of comparing the Laureate of the Butterflies with the Bard of Lalla Rookh—and yet, generally speaking, the verses of the former are smoother to sing, and more adaptable to musical purposes, than those of the latter. In particular, we would point to 'O 'tis the Melody,' as one of the most perfect things of its kind which we possess. We never hear it without having to remember whether the air was written for it, or *vice versa*—and forget the original words, 'Donne l'amore,' as if they had never existed. Be it remembered, however, that we have spoken with a qualification—that Moore has shown us that when he liked he could also command praise for this merit of a secondary order, in his 'Song of the Olden Time,' his 'Oft in the still night,' his 'Those evening bells,' and many other verses, which have become so entirely part and parcel of the airs with which they have been united, as never again to be separable from them.

At the same time, too, that we take this opportunity of explaining our opinions with respect to this class of composition,—leaving out of the question those of a higher order, such as the cantatas of the German poets—we must also bear in mind how much English song-writing is indebted to him whose latest work is before us. If we look at the words for music which were current fifty years ago, in the golden times of Ranelagh and Vauxhall, and compare them with those of the present day, we shall find an amazing improvement. The tone of our verse-wrights has been improved—'Sweet Kitties,' and 'Buy my posies,' are less frequently met with than formerly—and the race of ditties ending in "*la la*," (so humorously alluded to by Lady Morley) bids fair to become extinct. It is true that the vein has been somewhat overworked—

that we have sometimes thought that there was a song as well as a time for everything—but the mass of these is fast passing into oblivion, and the seeds of a sound simple taste have been preserved among us—destined, we hope, to produce much fair and goodly fruit for our refreshment.

But it is high time to return from these general speculations to the consideration of the number before us: and we shall find in it, that twenty years have done nothing to quench the Poet's strong thirst for liberty—to dim one rainbow gleam of his fancy—to diminish in the least the charm of his exquisite versification. The airs selected are beautiful—one of them, *Shule Aroon*, has long been one of our choicest favourites among all national melodies. We have, however, heard a setting of it we like far better than the one given here, and we almost wish that Mr. Moore had availed himself of the original measure of the quaint and pathetic old words, which run,

I wish I were on yonder hill,  
Tis there I'd sit and cry my fill,  
Until my tears would turn a mill, &c.

The want of this triple rhyme detracts from the effect of the melody. But who, besides himself, could have written 'The dream of those days,' or 'Strike the gay harp,' to the impracticable air of the 'Night-cap' or the two songs which, after much hesitating and considering, we now extract?—

Sing, sweet Harp, O sing to me  
Some song of ancient days,  
Whose sounds in this sad memory  
Long-buried dreams shall raise:—  
Some lay that tells of vanished fame  
Whose light once round us shone;  
Of noble pride now turned to shame,  
And hopes for ever gone,—  
Sing, sad Harp, thus sing to me;  
Alike our doom is cast,  
Both lost to all but memory,  
We live but in the past.  
How mournfully the midnight air  
Among thy chords doth sigh,  
As if it sought some echo there,  
Of voices long gone by:—  
Of chieftains now forgot, who beam'd  
The foremost then in fame:  
Of Bards who, once immortal deem'd,  
Now sleep without a name.  
In vain, sad Harp, the midnight air  
Among thy chords doth sigh;  
In vain it seeks some echo there  
Of voices long gone by.  
Couldst thou but call those spirits round  
Who once in bowers reall,  
Sat listening to thy magic sound,  
Now mute and mouldering all:—  
But, no;—they would but wake to weep  
Their children's slavery;  
Then have them in their dreamless sleep,  
The dead, at least, are free!—  
O hush! sad Harp, that dr. ary tone,  
That knell of Freedom's day,  
Or, listening to its death-like moan,  
Let me, too, die away.

O could we do with this world of ours  
As thou dost with thy garden bowers,  
Reject the weeds and keep the flowers,  
What a heaven on earth we'd make it!  
So bright a dwelling should be our own,  
So warranted free from sigh or frown,  
That Angels soon would be coming down,  
By the week or month to take it.  
Like those gay flies that wing thro' air,  
And in themselves a lustre bear,  
A stock of light, still ready there,  
Whenever they wish to use it;  
So, in this world I'd make for thee,  
Our hearts should all like fire-flies be,  
And the flash of wit or poetry  
Break forth whenever we choose it.  
While every joy that glads our sphere  
Hath still some shadow hovering near,  
In this new world of ours, my dear,  
Such shadows will all be omitted:—  
Unless they're like that graceful one,  
Which, when thou'rt dancing in the sun,  
Still near thee, leaves a charm upon  
Each spot where it hath flitted!

There must be no leave-taking while Mr. Moore can write thus delightfully; and he may be assured that the critics will give him a timely hint when fancy begins to drop her wings.

*Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad; with Tales and Miscellanies, now first collected; and a new edition of the Diary of an Ennuyée.* By Mrs. Jameson.

We heretofore expressed a general opinion of this work—we must now descend to particulars. The first two volumes contain, under divers forms, the memoranda of the wanderings of their accomplished authoress through countries which, though familiar to us as our own homes, are always new when brought before us by one with poetry at his heart. Who could fancy, for instance, that anything pleasant remained to be said of that most ancient and dirty of cities, Cologne? And yet Mr. Beckford's account of the Three Kings was delightful; and the following is much to our taste:—

"Our first impressions of the place were exceedingly disagreeable; it appeared a huge, rambling, gloomy old city, whose endless narrow dirty streets, and dull dingy-looking edifices, were anything but inviting. Nor on a second and a third visit were we tempted to prolong our stay. Yet Cologne has since become most interesting to me from a friendship I formed with a Coloneuse, a descendant of one of the oldest patrician families of the place. How she loved her old city!—how she worshipped every relic with the most poetical, if not the most pious veneration!—how she looked down upon Berlin with scorn, as an upstart city, '*une ville, ma chère, qui n'a ni histoire, ni antiquité.*' The cathedral she used to call '*mon Berceau,*' and the three kings '*mes trois pères.*' Her profound knowledge of general history, her minute acquaintance with the local antiquities, the peculiar customs, the birth legends, the solemn superstitions of her birth-place, added to the most lively imagination and admirable descriptive powers, were to me an inexhaustible source of delight and information. It appears that the people of Cologne have a distinct character, but little modified by intercourse with the surrounding country, and preserved by continual intermarriages among themselves. They have a dialect, and songs, and ballads, and music, peculiar to their city; and are remarkable for an original vein of racy humour, a 'vengeful spirit, an exceeding superstition, a blind attachment to their native customs, a very decided contempt for other people, and a surpassing hatred of all innovations. They never admitted the jurisdiction of the electors of Cologne, and, although the most bigoted people in the world, were generally at war with their archbishops. Even Napoleon could not make them conformable. The city is now attached to Prussia, but still retains most of its ancient privileges, and all its ancient spirit of insubordination and independence. When, in 1828, the king of Prussia wished to force upon them an unpopular magistrate, the whole city rose, and obliged the obnoxious president to resign; the government, armed with all its legal and military terrors, could do nothing against the determined spirit of this half-civilized, fearless, reckless, yet merry, good-humoured populace. A history of this grotesque revolution, which had the same duration as the celebrated *trois jours de Paris*, and exhibited in its progress and issue some of the most striking, most characteristic, most farcical scenes you can imagine, were worthy of a Coloneuse Walter Scott. \* \* \* The carnival is still celebrated there with a degree of splendour and fantastic humour, exceeding even the festi-

vities of Rome and Naples in the present day; but as the season of the carnival is not the season for flight with our English birds of passage, few have ever witnessed these extraordinary Saturnalia. Such is the general ignorance or indifference relative to Cologne, that I met the other day with a very accomplished man, and a lover of art, who had frequently visited the place, and yet he had never seen the Medusa."

In the same pleasant and graphic manner does Mrs. Jameson glance at Heidelberg, and other places of less renown. She gives us a characteristic anecdote of the garden at Frankfurt:—

"One of the most delightful peculiarities of Frankfurt—one that most struck my fancy—is the public garden, planted on the site of the ramparts; a girle of verdure and shade—of trees and flowers circling the whole city; accessible to all and on every side—the promenade of the rich, the solace of the poor. Fifty men are employed to keep it in order; and it is forbidden to steal the flowers, or to kill the singing birds which haunt the shrubberies. \* \* \*

"A short time before we arrived some mischievous wretch had shot a nightingale, and was caught in the fact. His punishment was characteristic: his hands were tied behind him, and a label setting forth his crime was fixed on his breast; in this guise, with a police officer on each side, he was marched all round the gardens, and made the circuit of the city, pursued by the hisses of the populace and the abhorrent looks of the upper classes; he was not otherwise punished; but he never again made his appearance within the walls of the city."

Nor less delightful, as illustrative of national character, is the account immediately following the above, of *Das Versorgung Haus*—the hospital for the infirm poor. But we hasten on to one of the lions of Frankfurt, which everybody has either seen or heard of, Dannecker's Ariadne,—the description of which is *written sculpture*,—and thence to the fortunes of its inspired artist:—

"Dannecker has not represented Ariadne in her more poetical and picturesque character, as, when betrayed and forsaken by Theseus, she stood alone on the wild shore of Naxos, 'her hair blown by the winds, and all about her expressing desolation.' It is Ariadne, immortal and triumphant, as the bride of Bacchus. The figure is larger than life. She is seated, or rather reclined, on the back of a panther. The right arm is carelessly extended: the left arm rests on the head of the animal, and the hand supports the drapery, which appears to have just dropped from her limbs. The head is turned a little upwards, as if she already anticipated her starry home; and her tresses are braided with the vine leaves. The grace and ease of the attitude, so firm, and yet so light; the flowing beauty of the form, and the position of the head, enchanted me."

"Dannecker was born at Stuttgart in 1758. On him descended no hereditary mantle of genius; it was the immediate gift of Heaven, and apparently heaven-directed. His father was a groom in the duke's stable, and appears to have been merely an ill-tempered, thick-headed boor. \* \* \* He had neither paper nor pencils; but next door to his father there lived a stone-cutter, whose blocks of marble and free-stone were every day scrawled over with rude imitations of natural objects in chalk or charcoal—the first essays of the infant Dannecker. When he was beaten by his father for this proof of idleness, his mother interfered to protect or to encourage him. As soon as he was old enough, he assisted his father in the stable; and while running about the precincts of the palace, ragged and bare-foot, he appears to have at-



tracted, by his vivacity and alertness, the occasional notice of the duke himself.

"Duke Charles, the grandfather of the present king of Wurtemberg, had founded a military school, called the Karl Schüle, (Charles' School,) annexed to the Hunting Palace of the Solitude. At this academy, music and drawing were taught as well as military tactics. One day, when Dannecker was about thirteen, his father returned home in a very ill-humour, and informed his family that the duke intended to admit the children of his domestics into his new military school. The boy, with joyful eagerness, declared his intention of going immediately to present himself as a candidate. The father, with a stare of astonishment, desired him to remain at home, and mind his business; on his persisting, he resorted to blows, and ended by locking him up. The boy escaped by jumping out of the window; and, collecting several of his comrades, he made them a long harangue in praise of the duke's beneficence, then placing himself at their head, marched them up to the palace, where the whole court was assembled for the Easter festivities. On being asked their business, Dannecker replied as spokesman—'Tell his highness the duke we want to go to the Karl-schule.' One of the attendants, amused, perhaps, with this juvenile ardour, went and informed the duke, who had just risen from table. He came out himself and mustered the little troop before him. He first darted a rapid scrutinizing glance along the line, then selecting one from the number, placed him on his right hand; then another, and another, till only young Dannecker and two others remained on his left. Dannecker has since acknowledged that he suffered for a few moments such exquisite pain and shame at the idea of being rejected, that his first impulse was to run away and hide himself; and that his surprise and joy, when he found that he and his two companions were the accepted candidates, had nearly overpowered him. The duke ordered them to go the next morning to the Solitude, and then dismissed them. When Dannecker returned home, his father, enraged at losing the services of his son, turned him out of the house, and forbade him ever more to enter it; but his mother (mother like) packed up his little bundle of necessities, accompanied him for some distance on his road, and parted from him with blessings, and tears, and words of encouragement and love."

How he gained the friendship of Schiller at the Karl Schüle, and his miserable struggles with poverty at Paris—his marriage, and the subsequent improvement of his fortunes, will be found in the pages which follow the above extract. But we cannot pass an anecdote of another celebrated work of his, by which we are forcibly reminded of our own eccentric and heavenly-visioned Blake:

"Soon after the Ariadne was finished, Dannecker conceived, in a moment of pious enthusiasm, his famous statue of the Redeemer, which has caused a great deal of discussion in Germany. This was standing in his work-room when we paid our first visit to him. He told me what I had often heard, that the figure had visited him in a dream three several times; and the good old man firmly believed that he had been divinely inspired, and predestined to the work. While the visionary image was fresh in his imagination he first executed a small clay model, and placed it before a child of five or six years old;—there were none of the usual emblematical accompaniments—no cross—no crown of thorns to assist the fancy—nothing but the simple figure roughly modelled; yet the child immediately exclaimed, 'The Redeemer!' and Dannecker was confirmed in his design.

Gradually the completion of this statue became the one engrossing idea of his enthusiastic mind: for eight years it was his dream by night, his thought by day: all things else, all the affairs and duties of life, merged into this. He told me that he frequently felt as if pursued, excited by some strong, irresistible power, which would even visit him in sleep, and impel him to rise from his bed and work. He explained to me some of the difficulties he encountered, and which he was persuaded that he had perfectly overcome only through divine aid, and the constant study of the Scriptures."

We are stopped, a few pages further, by a last visit to this great man:—

"'I grow old,' said he, looking from his work to the bust of the late queen which stood opposite. I have carved the effigies of three generations of poets, and as many of princes. Twenty years ago I was at work upon the tomb of the Duke of Oldenburgh, and now I am at work upon *her's* who gave me that order. All die away; soon I shall be left alone. Of my early friends none remain but Goethe. I shall die before him, and perhaps he will write my epitaph.' He spoke with a smile, not foreseeing that he would be the survivor.

"Three years afterwards, (in September, 1833,) I again paid Dannecker a visit, but a change had come over him: his feeble, trembling hand could no longer grasp the mallet, or guide the chisel; his eyes were dim; his fine benevolent countenance wore a childish, vacant smile, now and then crossed by a gleam of awakened memory or thought—and yet he seemed so perfectly happy! He walked backwards and forwards, from his Christ to the bust of Schiller, with an unwearied self-complacency, in which there was something mournful, and yet delightful. While I sat looking at the magnificent head of Schiller, the origin of the multifarious casts and copies which are dispersed through all Germany, he sat down beside me, and taking my hands between his own, which trembled with age and nervous emotion, he began to speak of his friend. 'Nous étions amis dès l'enfance; aussi j'y ai travaillé avec amour, avec douleur—on ne peut pas plus faire.' He then went on—'When Schiller came to Louisbourg, he sent to tell me that he was very ill—that he should not live very long, and that he wished me to execute his bust. It was the first wish of my own heart. I went immediately. When I entered the house, I found a lady sitting on the *canapé*—it was Schiller's wife, and I did not know her; but she knew me. She said, 'Ah! you are Dannecker!—Schiller expects you;'—then she ran into the next room, where Schiller was lying down on a couch, and in a moment after he came in, exclaiming as he entered, 'Where is he? where is Dannecker?' That was the moment—the expression I caught—you see it here—the head raised, the countenance full of inspiration, and affection, and bright hope! I told him that to keep up this expression he must have some of his best friends to converse with him while I took the model, for I could not talk and work too. O if I could but remember what glorious things then fell from those lips! Sometimes I stopped in my work—I could not go on—I could only listen.' And here the old man wept; then suddenly changing his mood, he said, 'But I must cut off that long hair; he never wore it so; it is not in the fashion, you know!' I begged him for heaven's sake not to touch it; he then, with a sad smile, turned up the sleeve of his coat and showed me his wrist, swelled with the continual use of his instruments—'You see I cannot!' And I could not help wishing at the moment, that while his mind was thus enfeebled, no transient return of physical strength might enable him to put his wild threat in execution. What a noble bequest to posterity is the effigy of a great

man, when executed in such a spirit as this of Schiller!"

It is impossible for us to go through a book so rich as the one before us after this minute fashion; but we shall certainly return to it at our earliest convenience.

BRIDGEWATER TREATISES—No. V.  
*Animal and Vegetable Physiology considered with reference to Natural Theology.* By Peter Mark Roget, M.D., Sec. R.S., &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Pickering.

THE study of Physiology in this country has been hitherto far too exclusively confined to an acquaintance with the human frame; and this very exclusiveness has been the means of defeating its own object. Comparison and analogy are amongst our best guides to the uses of organs—contrast, and similitude, amongst the keenest stimuli to the perception of skilful contrivance and adaptation; but comparison and contrast are alike impossible, if we restrain our view to an individual point; analogy and similitude alike imperceptible, if we glance at but a single mesh of nature's mighty web, or contemplate as isolated that which exists only in the midst of countless relations. This may appear so plain, as scarce to require being told; it is plain, but it does not, therefore, appear the more likely to be acted on. In a great proportion of our medical schools, Physiology is taught as though there were scarce any other living being than man; and many a student bounds his anatomical knowledge by the subject he has dissected, and never once thinks how far a system of organs, which he has studied in one class, may be modified or altered before it becomes fitted to appear in another class,—how an internal skeleton may be transformed into an external crust, an internal lung into an external gill, an anterior extremity present a wing, a fin, a hand, a hoof, or a claw, a posterior become obliterated when of no further use, and the whole structure, still preserving a relation to certain leading principles, yet become so altered and changed, to suit the new duties to which a transition in the animal scale may have called it, as at once to afford a signal example of sameness in the midst of variety,—of unity of design adapted to change of circumstance. This can only be learned from an extended acquaintance with animated nature, and to such an acquaintance we consider Dr. Roget's book a most excellent and agreeable introduction. It is not deep; it was not its object to be deep, but it is comprehensive in its general views, and accurate in its details; its style is popular, its matter sound, and it has the strong recommendation that while the facts are clearly and plainly stated, the obvious application is ordinarily left to the common sense of the reader; and, except in the introductory and concluding chapters, we are nowhere reminded that we are perusing an *ex officio* composition.

The plan which Dr. Roget has pursued in the consideration of his extensive subject, is as follows:—

"In treating of the particular functions of the animal and vegetable economy I shall follow a different order from that in which I have presented them in the preceding sketch. As the Mechanical functions depend upon the simpler properties of matter and the well known laws of mechanism, I think it best to commence with the examination of these. Our attention will next

be directed to the highly interesting subjects which relate to the Nutritive or Vital functions both of vegetable and animal structures; for as they involve the chemical properties of organized substances, and are, therefore, of a more refined and intricate nature than the preceding, I conceive they will be best understood after the general mechanism of the frame has been explained. These studies will prepare us for the consideration of living animals as sentient and active beings, endowed by their bounteous Creator with the exalted faculties of perception and of volition, which alone give value to existence, and which raise them so far above the level of the vegetable world. I shall lastly give a very brief account of the reproductive functions, and of the phenomena of animal development, in which the discoveries of modern times have revealed to us so considerable a portion of those extensive plans which an all-wise providence has beneficently devised for the general welfare of animated beings."

For the present, we can only direct our attention to the first of these, the Mechanical function, or what is ordinarily known as Animal Mechanics, with which, as affording the most obvious and most easily appreciable proofs of design, Dr. Roget occupies his first volume. He commences with the radiated tribes, the lowest of the animal kingdom, and shows how, even amongst these (to a careless eye) scarce formed masses, wisdom and design are both evinced,—the wisdom of a Creator, whose care is over all his works.

"The *Spatangus*, a genus belonging to this order, buries itself in the sand by the action of its spines, which on its under surface are short, thick, and expanded at the ends, like the handle of a spoon, with the convexity downwards; and which have a limited rotatory motion. Those which grow from the sides are more slender, and taper towards the extremities, and when not in use they fall flat upon the body with their points directed backwards. Besides these, there are a few longer bristles, arranged in a crescent on the back, and converging till their points meet, but capable of being erected to a perpendicular position. The animal, when placed on sand, commences its operations by revolving the lower spines, thus soon creating a hollow quicksand, into which it sinks by its own weight so far as to enable the lowest of the lateral spines to co-operate with them, by scattering and throwing up the loosened particles; while these, at the same time, contribute, by their re-action, still farther to depress the body. As the animal sinks, a greater number of spines are brought into action, and its progress becomes more rapid; while the sand, that had been pushed aside, flows back, and covers the body, when it has sunk below the level of the surface. In this situation the long dorsal bristles come into play, preventing the sand from closing completely, and preserving a small round hole for the admission of water to the mouth and respiratory organs."

He advances next to the *Mollusca*, and in our bivalve friends, the oysters, notices an instinct and a contrivance which shows them actually to be capable of a certain degree of education—of benefiting by experience:—

"The simple actions of opening and closing the valves are capable of being converted into a means of retreating from danger, or of removing to a more commodious situation, in the case of those bivalves which are not actually attached to rocks or other fixed bodies. Diquemare long ago observed that even the oyster has some power of locomotion, by suddenly closing its shell, and thereby expelling the contained water, with a degree of force, which, by the reaction of the fluid in the opposite direction, gives a sensible impulse to the heavy mass. He notices the

singular fact that oysters, which are attached to rocks occasionally left dry by the retreat of the tide, always retain within their shells a quantity of water sufficient for respiration, and that they keep the valves closed till the return of the tide: whereas those oysters which are taken from greater depths, where the water never leaves them, and are afterwards removed to situations where they are exposed to these vicissitudes, of which they have had no previous experience, improprietly open their shells after the sea has left them, and by allowing the water to escape, soon perish."

There is scarcely a lady possessing any approach to a collection of natural curiosities, who has not among them a beautiful, soft, brown, silky-looking substance, which she terms the *beard of the muscle*. She will, with pleasure, learn its use and mode of formation.

"The *Pinna*, or Marine Muscle, when inhabiting the shores of tempestuous seas, is furnished, in addition, with a singular apparatus for withstanding the fury of the surge, and securing itself from dangerous collisions, which might easily destroy the brittle texture of its shell. The object of this apparatus is to prepare a great number of threads, which are fastened at various points to the adjacent rocks, and then tightly drawn by the animal; just as a ship is moored in a convenient station to avoid the buffeting of the storm. The foot of this bivalve is cylindrical, and has, connected with its base, a round tendon of nearly the same length as itself, the office of which is to retain all the threads in firm adhesion with it, and concentrate their power on one point. The threads themselves are composed of a glutinous matter, prepared by a particular organ. They are not spun by being drawn out of the body like the threads of the silk-worm, or of the spider, but they are cast in a mould, where they harden, and acquire a certain consistence before they are employed. This mould is curiously constructed; there is a deep groove which passes along the foot from the root of the tendon to its other extremity; and the sides of this groove are formed so as to fold and close over it, thereby converting it into a canal. The glutinous secretion, which is poured into this canal, dries into a solid thread; and when it has acquired sufficient tenacity, the foot is protruded, and the thread it contains is applied to the object to which it is to be fixed: its extremity being carefully attached to the solid surface of that object. The canal of the foot is then opened along its whole length, and the thread, which adheres by its other extremity to the large tendon at the base of the foot, is disengaged from the canal. Lastly, the foot is retracted, and the same operation is repeated.

"Thread after thread is thus formed, and applied in different directions around the shell. Sometimes the attempt fails in consequence of some imperfection in the thread; but the animal, as if aware of the importance of ascertaining the strength of each thread, on which its safety depends, tries every one of them as soon as it has been fixed, by swinging itself round, so as to put it fully on the stretch—an action which probably also assists in elongating the thread. When once the threads have been fixed, the animal does not appear to have the power of cutting or breaking them off. The liquid matter out of which they are formed is so exceedingly glutinous as to attach itself firmly to the smoothest bodies. It is but slowly produced; for it appears that no *Pinna* is capable of forming more than four, or at most five threads in the course of a day and night. The threads that are formed in haste, when the animal is disturbed in its operations, are more slender than those that are constructed at its leisure. Reaumur, to whom we are indebted for these interesting ob-

servations, states also that the marine muscles possess the art of forming these threads from the earliest periods of their existence; for he saw them practising it, when the shells in which they were enclosed were not larger than a millet seed. In Sicily, and other parts of the Mediterranean, these threads have been manufactured into gloves, and other articles, which resemble silk."

But we need not go to cabinets or distant climes in search of contrivances beautiful for their simplicity, and admirable for their utility: the *epiphragma* of the common garden snail is both.

"An *Epiphragma* is a partition of a membranous or calcareous nature, constructed merely for temporary use. It is employed for closing the aperture of the shell during certain periods only, such as the winter season, or a long continued drought.

"It is remarkable in how short a time this species of *Helix* will construct this covering, when circumstances occur to urge its completion. On the approach of winter, the animal prepares itself for passing that season in a state of torpidity, first, by choosing a safe retreat; and next by retiring completely within its shell, and then barricading its entrance by constructing the *epiphragma* just described. Having formed this first barrier, the animal afterwards constructs a second, of a membranous nature, situated more internally than the first, and at a little distance from it. If at any other season, while the snail is in full vigour, the experiment be made of surrounding it with a freezing mixture, it will immediately set about constructing a covering for its protection against the cold; and it works with such diligence, that in the course of an hour or two, it will have completed its task, and formed an entire *epiphragma*. When the genial warmth of returning spring has penetrated into the abode of the snail, the animal prepares for emerging from its prison, by secreting a small quantity of a mucous fluid, which loosens the adhesion that had taken place between the *epiphragma* and the sides of the aperture; and the former is, by the pressure of the foot of the snail, thrown off. The whole of this process of construction has to be renewed, on every occasion when another covering is required."

There are other animals, who, with bodies equally soft and liable to injury as the *Mollusca*, are yet, unlike most of them, deprived of the power of constructing a shell. Such might appear to us totally defenceless, but this is by no means the case: their skins, unable to secrete the hard matter of a shell, have the no less useful property of pouring forth an abundant glutinous matter, by the aid of which they join together small fragments of shells and sand which their tentacula enable them to seize, until, in fact, they have built up a regular tube round their bodies, from which they issue, and into which they retreat, at pleasure. Others burrow into the sand or ooze, and there use their slimy secretion to plaster up the sides of the hole they have formed, so as to prevent their falling in, and thus maintain a regular funnel, like the shaft of a mine. Both these contrivances may be seen combined in the *Terebellæ Conchilegæ*, a class of marine worms, whose manœuvres "are best observed by taking one of them out of its tube and placing it under water upon sand. It is then seen to unfold all the coils of its body, to extend its tentacula in every direction, often to a length exceeding an inch and a half, and to catch, by their means, small fragments of shells, and the larger particles of sand. These it drags towards its head, carrying them behind the scales which project from the anterior and lower part of the head, where they are immediately cemented by

the glutinous matter which exudes from that part of the surface. Bending the head alternately from side to side, while it continues to apply the materials of its tube, the terebella has very soon formed a complete collar, which it sedulously employs itself to lengthen at every part of the circumference with an activity and perseverance highly interesting. For the purpose of fixing the different fragments compactly, it presses them into their places with the erected scales, at the same time retracting the body. Hence the fragments, being raised by the scales, are generally fixed by their posterior edges, and thus overlaying each other, often give the tube an imbricated appearance.

"Having formed a tube of half an inch, or an inch in length, the terebella proceeds to burrow; for which purpose it directs its head against the sand, and contracting some of the posterior rings, effects a slight extension of the head, which thus slowly makes its way through the mass before it, availing itself of the materials which it meets with in its course, and so continues to advance till the whole tube is completed. After this has been accomplished, the animal turns itself within the tube, so that its head is next to the surface, ready to receive the water which brings it food, and is instrumental in its respiration. In summer, the whole task is completed in four or five hours; but in cold weather, when the worm is more sluggish, and the gluten is secreted more scantily, its progress is considerably slower."

Turn we next to the insect tribes—those "golden-winged inhabitants of air," whose strange metamorphoses, and beautiful forms, have ever insured them a certain degree of attention. Many of them have begun their existence as aquatic beings, and singular are the means by which their motions in that fluid are effected:—

"Some of them are destitute of feet, or other external instruments of motion, swimming only by means of the alternate inflexions of the body from side to side, in the same manner as the Naïs and the Leech. Sometimes these actions are performed by abrupt strokes, giving rise to an irregular zig-zag course: this is the case with the larva of the gnat, and with many others which have no feet. In the structure of the larva of the *Libellula*, or dragon-fly, a singular artifice has been resorted to for giving an impulse to the body, without the help of external members. It is that of the alternate absorption of water into a cavity in the hinder part of the body, and its sudden ejection from that cavity, so that the animal is impelled in a contrary direction, upon the same principle that a rocket rises in the air, by the reaction of that fluid. It has at various times been proposed to apply the power of steam to the production of an effect exactly similar to that of which Nature here presents us with so perfect an example, for the purpose of propelling ships, instead of the ordinary mode of steam navigation.

"Some larvæ, such as that of the *Stratiomys*, collect a bubble of air, which they retain within a tuft of hair at the extremity of the tail, evidently with a view of diminishing the specific gravity of the body, and thus giving greater efficacy to the muscular actions which they employ in their progression through the water. Another use is also made of these tufts of hair; for by repelling the water, they allow of the insect's suspending itself from the surface of the fluid in the manner already noticed in giving the history of the evolutions of the hydra."

"Insects which, like the gnat, walk much upon the surface of water, have at the ends of their feet a brush of fine hair, the dry points of which appear to repel the fluid, and prevent the leg from being wetted. If these brushes be moistened with spirit of wine, this apparent repulsion

no longer takes place; and the insect immediately sinks and is drowned."

"The feats of agility and strength exhibited by insects have often been the theme of admiration with writers on natural history; and have been considered as affording incontrovertible proofs of the enormous power with which their muscles must be endowed. We have already had occasion to notice a remarkable instance of the force and permanence of muscular contraction in those caterpillars which frequently remain for hours together in a fixed attitude, with their bodies extended from a twig, to which they cling by their hind feet alone. Ants will carry loads which are forty or fifty times heavier than their own bodies; and the distances to which many species, such as the *Elater*, the *Locust*, the *Lepisma*, and above all the *Pulex*, are capable of leaping, compared with the size of the insects themselves, appear still more astonishing. Linnaeus has computed that the *Melolontha*, or chaffer, is, in proportion to its bulk, more than six times stronger than the horse; and has asserted that if the same proportional strength as is possessed by the *Lucanus*, or stag-beetle, had been given to the elephant, that animal would have been capable of tearing up by the roots the largest trees, and of hurling huge rocks against his assailants, like the giants of ancient mythology."

Pass we now from the tiniest to the mightiest—from the veriest mote that sparkles in the sunbeam, to the ponderous elephant, beneath whose weight the earth seems to groan, and we shall find that while the model totally changes, the object is still the same: a new order of architecture is introduced—new laws of development are observed—but their final tendency is still the adaptation of the animal to the functions which it must perform, and the circumstances in which it is placed:—

"The most complete instance of a vertical arrangement of the bones of the extremities is seen in the *Elephant*; where, in order to sustain the enormous weight of the body, the limbs are shaped into four massive columns, of which the several bones are disposed nearly in perpendicular lines. By this means the body is supported with scarcely any muscular effort, and the attitude of standing is, in this animal, a state of such complete repose, that it often sleeps in that position. The elephant which was kept some years ago at the Menagerie at Paris, although much enfeebled by a lingering disorder, was never seen to lie down till the day on which he died. When he was in the last stage of debility, what seemed to give him most distress was the effort requisite to support his head: and in order to relieve the muscles of the neck which were strained in that exertion, he was in the habit of extending his trunk perpendicularly to the ground, by contracting all the muscular fibres which run transversely in that organ, and thus formed a vertical prop for the head. But in almost all other quadrupeds the mere act of standing, though a state of comparative rest, implies, for the reasons already given, a degree of muscular exertion, and they can enjoy complete repose only by letting the body recline upon the ground."

But this adaptation may be, and has been by Dr. Roget, traced much farther.

We have thus accompanied Dr. Roget in his sketch of the mechanical functions, and we feel gratified at being able to bestow sincere commendation on the mode in which he has performed his task. The wood engravings are numerous, and generally accurate: we think we detect one or two errors: thus, is not an *Operculum* substituted for an *Epiphragm* at page 253? and has not the artist improved a little on nature, by marking a row

of incisive teeth in the upper jaw of the deer figured at page 507? We merely notice these as admitting of easy correction in a second edition.

*The Disinherited, and The Ensnared.* By the Authoress of 'Flirtation.' 3 vols. London: Bentley.

At the very outset of these pages, our sympathy and respect for the authoress are bespoken in a manner at once touching and straightforward. The Dedication to Aylmer Bourke Lambert, Esq. discloses a painful circumstance connected with the writer's private history, with a simplicity of manner which neither blazons the fact, nor shrinks, in any false sentiment, from its avowal; and standing, as it does, at the opening of a series of tales of what is called "fashionable life," gives good promise of the contents of the work. Born, as the authoress is known to have been, in that sphere, and having her natural inheritance in those circles, into the mysteries of which it has been so much the object of a large class of modern novelists to penetrate, we have the assurance of faithful delineation, which arises from knowing that we are about to take our reports from a child of the soil;—and, in the simple and dignified manner in which this noble lady touches upon a circumstance from the publication of which the minions of fashion would shrink with the false shame and unwholesome sensibility which are amongst the curses of their artificial lives,—we have the better assurance that adversity, which comes there as everywhere, has lifted her mind above the prejudices and exclusions of her "order," and disciplined it to look on, and make its reports, in a spirit from which we may expect instruction to mingle with our amusement.

The following is the Dedication:—

"To Aylmer Bourke Lambert, Esq. Hon. M.R.I.A. F.S.A. V.P.L.S. F.G.S. Accadd. Cas. Nat. Gar. Reg. Sc. Madrit. et Soc. Bot. Ratih. Socius.

"Dear Mr. Lambert,—Permit me to inscribe your name on these pages; a name so distinguished in botanical science, that were it not for our near relationship, I should not presume to take so great a liberty for so trifling a work.

"Under this plea, as well as in testimony of the gratitude I owe you, for having afforded me an asylum at a time of distress and destitution, I beg you to accept this Dedication from you affectionate Cousin and Friend,

"THE AUTHORESS."

Were these volumes less deserving than they are on the score of incident and style, they would be entitled to our commendation for the healthy sentiments which they inculcate, and the moral purposes which they pursue. Not confining herself to a mere painting of the *manners* of that social region which she has selected for her scene, the writer takes human nature, with the passions that represent it everywhere, modified only by the accidents, and covered with the exotics which grow up in that heated and highly-fertilized soil. In no case does she paint its vices without preserving the moral balance by the introduction of their penalty; nor exhibit an unrestrained indulgence in its follies and frivolities, without speaking of that sickness of the spirit which is their sure and final reward.

From the greater variety of character and



incident which it contains, 'The Disinherited' will, we presume, be the most popular. There are many well-sustained contrasts amongst the characters, exhibited always for the purpose of moral arbitration;—and the rich and pompous *parenn* belongs, we doubt not (though too broadly drawn and painted), to a class of persons not uncommon on the frontiers of that fantastic region.

But 'The Ensnared' is, we doubt not, the favourite of the authoress (as it is ours), and on it she has, apparently, exerted all her powers. It belongs to a class of tales difficult of management in any hands, as reposing their interest, without the aid of incident, on the progress and development of a single passion;—and peculiarly difficult in the hands of a female, where the passion selected is, as in this case, a guilty one. There is some skilful analysis of human feeling and motive—some able searching into the hidden depths of the natural heart—much vigour of thought, running through the entire texture of the narrative, and compressed, at times, into epigrammatic sentences which might be quoted as aphorisms—a very careful attention to keep the moral prominently in view, and make the sorrow co-equal with the sin,—and, above all, a purity of sentiment and expression, never lost sight of, which at no time allows us to forget (or regret) that we are listening to the narrative of a woman, and brings the authoress safely out of a subject, on which we do not think woman ever does wisely to venture. Indeed, to the anxiety with which this latter purpose is kept in view, is to be attributed one of the great drawbacks upon the truth of the picture. A passion such, and under such circumstances, as is here painted, could not have existed without a greater degree of guilt than it has pleased the authoress to permit; and we may add, too, that the blindness which the husband is made to exhibit to that which is passing full before his own eyes, is a little out of probability, and that this part of the tale might easily have been more skilfully managed. These, however, are minor faults in a story, the purpose and issues of which are, as we have said, excellent, and whose execution exhibits the talents of its accomplished authoress in a very favourable light.

*Two Years at Sea, being the Narrative of a Voyage to the Swan River and Van Diemen's Land, during the Years 1829, 30, 31.*  
By Jane Roberts. London: Bentley.

HAVING been unavoidably prevented from noticing this book on its first appearance, we are now compelled to postpone any detailed examination, as the season is so fertile in works of interest, that we confess ourselves to be suffering at present under an *embarras de richesses*. It would, however, be no less unjust to ourselves than to the authoress, were we to let this opportunity pass without recommending the work as the product of a healthy mind and an observant eye. The first enabled the traveller to bear difficulties and trials which would have crushed an irritable or ill-disciplined spirit, the latter to enjoy and profit by all the opportunities for receiving pleasure, or acquiring information afforded to her in the course of her weary pilgrimage.

*Life of Mrs. Siddons.* By Thomas Campbell.

[Second Notice.]

As we mentioned in our former notice, there is some clever criticism scattered over these volumes—that on *Lady Macbeth* by Mrs. Siddons herself, though hardly equal to what we quoted on *Constance*, is shrewd and searching, and Mr. Campbell's commentary is still better; but they should be read together, and are far too long for extract. We have resolved, therefore, on this occasion, to confine ourselves to some few of the anecdotes.

Here is an account of Mrs. Siddons's first appearance as *Lady Macbeth*, from her own memoranda:—

"It was my custom to study my characters at night, when all the domestic cares and business of the day were over. On the night preceding that in which I was to appear in this part for the first time, I shut myself up, as usual, when all the family were retired, and commenced my study of *Lady Macbeth*. As the character is very short, I thought I should soon accomplish it. Being then only twenty years of age, I believed, as many others do believe, that little more was necessary than to get the words into my head; for the necessity of discrimination, and the development of character, at that time of my life, had scarcely entered into my imagination. But, to proceed. I went on with tolerable composure, in the silence of the night, (a night I never can forget,) till I came to the assassination scene, when the horrors of the scene rose to a degree that made it impossible for me to get farther. I snatched up my candle, and hurried out of the room, in a paroxysm of terror. My dress was of silk, and the rustling of it, as I ascended the stairs to go to bed, seemed to my panic-struck fancy like the movement of a spectre pursuing me. At last I reached my chamber, where I found my husband fast asleep. I clapt my candlestick down upon the table, without the power of putting the candle out; and I threw myself on my bed, without daring to stay even to take off my clothes. At peep of day I rose to resume my task; but so little did I know of my part when I appeared in it at night, that my shame and confusion cured me of procrastinating my business for the remainder of my life.

"About six years afterwards I was called upon to act the same character in London. By this time I had perceived the difficulty of assuming a personage with whom no one feeling of common general nature was congenial or assistant. One's own heart could prompt one to express, with some degree of truth, the sentiments of a mother, a daughter, a wife, a lover, a sister, &c., but, to adopt this character, must be an effort of the judgment alone.

"Therefore it was with the utmost diffidence, nay terror, that I undertook it, and with the additional fear of Mrs. Pritchard's reputation in it before my eyes. The dreaded first night at length arrived, when, just as I had finished my toilette, and was pondering with fearfulness my first appearance in the grand fiendish part, comes Mr. Sheridan, knocking at my door, and insisting, in spite of all my entreaties not to be interrupted at this to me tremendous moment, to be admitted. He would not be denied admittance: for he protested he must speak to me on a circumstance which so deeply concerned my own interest, that it was of the most serious nature. Well, after much squabbling, I was compelled to admit him, that I might dismiss him the sooner, and compose myself before the play began. But, what was my distress and astonishment, when I found that he wanted me, even at this moment of anxiety and terror, to adopt another mode of acting the sleeping

scene. He told me he had heard with the greatest surprise and concern that I meant to act it without holding the candle in my hand; and, when I urged the impracticability of washing out that 'damned spot,' with the vehemence that was certainly implied by both her own words, and by those of her gentleman, he insisted, that if I did put the candle out of my hand, it would be thought a presumptuous innovation, as Mrs. Pritchard had always retained it in hers. My mind, however, was made up, and it was then too late to make me alter it; for I was too agitated to adopt another method. My deference for Mr. Sheridan's taste and judgment was, however, so great, that, had he proposed the alteration whilst it was possible for me to change my own plan, I should have yielded to his suggestion; though, even then, it would have been against my own opinion, and my observation of the accuracy with which somnambulists perform all the acts of waking persons. The scene, of course, was acted as I had myself conceived it; and the innovation, as Mr. Sheridan called it, was received with approbation. Mr. Sheridan himself came to me, after the play, and most ingeniously congratulated me on my obstinacy. When he was gone out of the room I began to undress; and, while standing up before my glass, and taking off my mantle, a diverting circumstance occurred, to chase away the feelings of this anxious night; for, while I was repeating, and endeavouring to call to mind the appropriate tone and action to the following words, 'Here's the smell of blood still!' my dresser innocently exclaimed, 'Dear me, ma'am, how very hysterical you are to-night; I protest and vow, ma'am, it was not blood, but rose-pink and water; for I saw the property-man mix it up with my own eyes.'

To understand the full force with which Mrs. Siddons speaks of the "tremendous moment" of her appearance, and the consequent annoyance of such an interruption, the reader must bear in mind a very just observation of Mr. Campbell's when speaking of *Constance*. "By the force of fancy and reflection she used to be so wrought up in preparing to play the *Lady Constance*, that when she set out from her own house to the theatre, she was already *Constance* herself."

*First Appearance at Edinburgh.*—"On the first night of my appearance, I must own, I was surprised, and not a little mortified, at that profound silence which was a contrast to the bursts of applause I had been accustomed to hear in London. No; not a hand moved till the end of the scene; but then, indeed, I was most amply remunerated. Yet, while I admire the fine taste and judgment of this conduct on the part of an audience, I am free to confess that it renders the task of an actor almost too laborious; because, customary interruptions are not only gratifying and cheering, but they are really necessary, in order to give one breath and voice to carry one on through some violent exertions; though, after all, it must be owned, that silence is the most flattering applause an actor can receive."

"How much more pleasantly (says Mr. Campbell,) people tell their history in social converse than in formal writing. I remember Mrs. Siddons describing to me the same scene of her probation on the Edinburgh boards with no small humour. The grave attention of my Scottish countrymen, and their *canny* reservation of praise till they were sure she deserved it, she said, had well-nigh worn out her patience. She had been used to speak to animated clay; but she now felt as if she had been speaking to stones. Successive flashes of her elocution, that had always been sure to electrify the South, fell in vain on those Northern flints. At last, as I well remember,

she told me she coiled up her powers to the most emphatic possible utterance of one passage, having previously vowed in her heart, that if *this* could not touch the Scotch, she would never again cross the Tweed. When it was finished, she paused, and looked to the audience. The deep silence was broken only by a single voice exclaiming, 'That's no bad!' This ludicrous parsimony of praise convulsed the Edinburgh audience with laughter. But the laugh was followed by such thunders of applause, that, amidst her stunned and nervous agitation, she was not without fears of the galleries coming down."

Mrs. Pritchard.—"Mrs. Siddons says, in her *Autograph Recollections*, 'When I begged Dr. Johnson to let me know his opinion of Mrs. Pritchard, whom I had never seen, he answered, "Madam, she was a vulgar idiot; she used to speak of her *gown*, and she never read any part in a play in which she acted, except her own." Is it possible, thought I, Mrs. Siddons continues, 'that Mrs. Pritchard, the greatest of all the *Lady Macbeths*, should never have read the play? and concluded that the Doctor must have been misinformed; but I was afterwards assured by a gentleman, a friend of Mrs. Pritchard's, that he had supped with her one night after she had acted *Lady Macbeth*, and that she declared she had never perused the whole tragedy:—I cannot believe it.'"

Shakespeare's Sir Hugh Evans.—"He was curate of the priory of Brecon in the days of Queen Elizabeth. He died in 1581, and by a will, which is still among the records of Brecon, left a library which must have been at that time thought considerable, and which bespeaks him to have been a man of reading. In the same will, he bequeaths his swash-buckler to one of his friends, and appoints Richard Price, Esq., to be overseer of his testament. The last-named gentleman was the son of Sir John Price, of the Priory, a great patron of Sir Hugh Evans. By the younger Price, Evans was presented, in 1572, to the living of Merthyr Cynog, and was doubtless introduced also to Shakespeare. At least so says my learned Cambrian friend; who adds, that this Richard Price was a favourite at the court of Elizabeth; and on the authority of the family records, is stated to have held a correspondence with Shakespeare. It is so delightful to identify anything appertaining to the poet of poets with the birth-place of our heroine, that I am fain to indulge a pleasing belief in the probability of what my correspondent says further. He states 'that, from the intimacy which subsisted betwixt Shakespeare and the Prices of the Priory, an idea prevails that he frequently visited them at their residence in Brecon, and that he not only availed himself of the whimsicalities of old Sir Hugh, but that he was indebted to this part of the kingdom for much of the machinery of *'Midsummer Night's Dream.'* This idea is confirmed by the similarity which the frolics of *Puck* and his companions bear to the goblins and fairies of this portion of the Principality: there being in Breconshire a valley which bears his name, Cwm Pwica. Here this merry sprite is said still to practise his gambols with all the energies of the sixteenth century! and certainly, if beautiful scenery have any influence in localizing these beings, they could find few better places than the deep romantic glen of the Clydach."

Here is a curious biographical sketch of the author of the well known 'Adventures of Dr. Syntax.'

"Mr. Combe's history is not less remarkable for the recklessness of his early days than for the industry of his maturer age, and the late period of life at which he attracted popularity by his talents. He was the nephew of a Mr. Alexander, an alderman of the city of London; and, as he was sent first to Eton College, and

afterwards to Oxford, it may be inferred that his parents were in good circumstances. His uncle left him sixteen thousand pounds. On the acquisition of this fortune he entered himself of the Temple, and in due time was called to the bar. On one occasion he even distinguished himself before the Lord Chancellor Nottingham. But his ambition was to shine as a man of fashion, and he paid little attention to the law. Whilst at the Temple, his courtly dress, his handsome liveries, and, it may be added, his tall stature and fine appearance, procured him the appellation of Duke Combe. Some of the most exclusive ladies of fashion had instituted a society which was called the Coterie, to which gentlemen were admitted as visitors. Among this favoured number was the Duke Combe. \* \* \* But his Grace's diminishing finances are long put an end to the fashionableness of his acquaintance. He paid all the penalties of a spendthrift, and was steeped in poverty to the very lips. At one time he was driven for a morsel of bread to enlist as a private in the British army; and, at another time, in a similar exigency, he went into the French service. From a more cogent motive than piety, he afterwards entered into a French monastery, and lived there till the term of his novitiate expired. He returned to Britain, and took service wherever he could get it; but in all these dips into low life, he was never in the least embarrassed when he met with his old acquaintance. A wealthy divine, who had known him in the best London society, recognized him when a waiter at Swansea, actually tripping about with the napkin under his arm, and, staring at him, exclaimed, 'You cannot be Combe?' 'Yes, indeed, but I am,' was the waiter's answer. He married the mistress of a noble lord, who promised him an annuity with her, but cheated him; and in revenge he wrote a spirited satire, entitled, 'The Diaboliad.' Among its subjects were an Irish peer and his eldest son, who had a quarrel that extinguished any little natural affection that might have ever subsisted between them. The father challenged the son to fight; the son refused to go out with him, not, as he expressly stated, because the challenger was his own father, but because he was *not* a gentleman."

"After his first wife's death, Mr. Combe made a more creditable marriage with a sister of Mr. Cosway, the artist, and much of the distress which his imprudence entailed upon him was mitigated by the assiduities of this amiable woman. For many years he subsisted by writing for the booksellers, with a reputation that might be known to many individuals, but that certainly was not public. He wrote a work, which was generally ascribed to the good Lord Lytton, entitled, 'Letters from a Nobleman to his Son,' and 'Letters from an Italian Nun to an English Nobleman,' that professed to be translated from Rousseau. He published also several political tracts, that were trashy, time-serving, and scurrilous. Pecuniary difficulties brought him to a permanent residence in the King's Bench, where he continued about twenty years, and for the latter part of them a voluntary inmate. One of his friends offered to effect a compromise with his creditors, but he refused the favour. 'If I compounded with my creditors,' said Mr. Combe, 'I should be obliged to sacrifice the little substance which I possess, and on which I subsist in prison. These chambers, the best in the Bench, are mine at the rent of a few shillings a week, in right of my seniority as a prisoner. My habits are become so sedentary, that if I lived in the airiest square of London, I should not walk round it once in a month. I am contented in my cheap quarters.'"

"When he was near the age of seventy he had some literary dealings with Mr. Ackermann, the bookseller. The late caricaturist, Rowlandson, had offered to Mr. Ackermann a number of

drawings, representing an old clergyman and schoolmaster, who felt, or fancied himself, in love with the fine arts, quixotically travelling during his holidays in quest of the picturesque. As the drawings needed the explanation of letter-press, Mr. Ackermann declined to purchase them unless he should find some one who could give them a poetical illustration. He carried one or two of them to Mr. Combe, who undertook the subject. The bookseller, knowing his procrastinating temper, left him but one drawing at a time, which he illustrated in verse, without knowing the subject of the drawing that was next to come. The popularity of the 'Adventures of Dr. Syntax' induced Mr. Ackermann afterwards to employ him in two successive publications, 'The Dance of Life,' and 'The Dance of Death,' in England, which were also accompanied by Rowlandson's designs."

"It was almost half a century before the appearance of these works that Mr. Combe so narrowly missed the honour of being Mrs. Siddons's reading-master. He had exchanged the gaieties of London for quarters at a tap-room in Wolverhampton, where he was billeted as a soldier in the service of his Britannic Majesty. He had a bad foot at the time, and was limping painfully along the high street of the town, when he was met by an acquaintance who had known him in all his fashionable glory. This individual had himself seen better days, having exchanged a sub-lieutenancy of marines for a strollership in Mr. Kemble's company. 'Heavens!' said the astonished historian, 'is it possible, Combe, that you can bear this condition?' 'Fiddle-sticks!' answered the ex-duke, taking a pinch of snuff, 'a philosopher can bear anything.' The player ere long introduced him to Mr. Roger Kemble; but, by this time, Mr. Combe had become known in the place through his conversational talents. A gentleman, passing through the public-house, had observed him reading, and, looking over his shoulder, saw with surprise a copy of Horace. 'What,' said he, 'my friend, can you read that book in the original?' 'If I cannot,' replied Combe, 'a great deal of money has been thrown away on my education.' His landlord soon found the literary red-coat an attractive ornament to his tap-room, which was filled every night with the wondering auditors of the learned soldier. They treated him to gratuitous potations, and clubbed their money to procure his discharge. Roger Kemble gave him a benefit night at the theatre, and Combe promised to speak an address on the occasion. In this address, he noticed the various conjectures that had been circulated respecting his real name and character; and, after concluding the enumeration, he said, 'Now, ladies and gentlemen, I shall tell you what I am.' While expectation was all agog, he added, '*I am—ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient humble servant.*' He then bowed, and left the stage."

On taking leave of this work, we feel it due to Mr. Campbell to acknowledge the skill and care with which he has worked up his slender materials into a very creditable biography.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*Tales of Ireland.*'—The author of the 'Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry,' is one of our especial favourites, and we regret that he has perilled his laurels, by republishing in this volume his earliest productions. Though highly characteristic, they display an immaturity and harshness, such as might be expected from one unpractised in composition, many of the dialogues are like the galleries at Stoke-Pogis,

Long passages that lead to nothing, and the incidents are disproportioned and badly connected. A greater fault is the severity with which the Roman Catholic religion and its



ministers are treated—a severity equally unnecessary and unmerited. That many priests exact degrading submissions from their flocks is unfortunately true, but in the majority of such cases the people are more to blame than their pastors; but it is not true that the system is general, and it is not true that the priests desire to perpetuate it. The writer of *National Tales* should endeavour to pour oil into the wounds of his country: there are some who do so, but it is oil of vitriol. We must except from our censure 'Neal Malone,' the pugnacious tailor, whose history was noticed in the *Athenæum*, (No. 272,) and 'The Dream of a Broken Heart,' one of the most pathetic tales we have ever read.—The volume is illustrated with sketches by Brooke; Neal Malone fighting with his shadow is good. We are glad to close, with a word of praise, a book in which we grieve to have found much to condemn.

'*Poems*, by William Stanley Roscoe.'—We have another proof in this small volume, that talent and taste oftentimes come by inheritance. The poems, which it contains, may, from their gentle and unobtrusive tone, be lost amid the numberless verses of the day, but they deserve a better fate, for they have an elegance and music which are denied to nine out of every ten writers of rhyme, as will be seen in the two short extracts we subjoin.

Sweet is the autumnal day,  
The sabbath of the year;  
When the sun sheds a soft and farewell ray,  
And journeys slowly on his silent way,  
And wintry storms are near.

Sweet is the autumnal rose,  
That lingers late in bloom,  
And while the north wind on its bosom blows,  
Upon the chill and misty air bestows  
A cherishing perfume.

Sweet is life's setting ray,  
While Hope stands smiling near;  
When the soul muses on the future day,  
And thro' the clouds that shade her homeward way  
Heaven's azure skies appear!

The following are three verses from a poem  
'To a Deserted Country Seat':—

On thee the sunbeam falls  
In silence all the solitary year;  
And moulting are thy walls  
That echoed once with hospitable cheer;  
And all is past away  
That stood around thee in thy prosperous day.  
But I may seek thy shades,  
And wander in thy long-forgotten bowers,  
And haunt thy sunny glades,  
Where the mild summer leads the rosy hours,  
And mingled flowers perfume  
The noontide air,—a wilderness of bloom.

For nature here again  
With silent steps repairs her woodland throne,  
Usurps the fair domain,  
And claims the lovely desert for her own,  
And o'er yon threshold throws  
With lavish hand the woodbine and the rose.

The whole collection bears traces of a benevolent and contemplative mind, and we wish it success.

'*The Ceylon Almanac for 1834*.'—The second volume of the *Ceylon Almanac* does not contain so much matter interesting to Europeans as the preceding, but it is not less valuable to the natives of the island. The miscellaneous department is devoted chiefly to the elucidation of Singhalese history, a subject not yet sufficiently investigated, and presenting obstacles enough to daunt the most ardent inquirer. A collection of rock inscriptions elucidating the history of Ceylon, has been contributed by the Hon. G. Turnour, and Captain Forbes, but though valuable to Pali scholars, they possess no interest for general readers.—Some curious information may be extracted from the return of Coroner's inquests. Out of 148 accidental deaths, we find thirty-eight by falling from trees, belonging of course to the cinnamon shippers, and thirty-seven by drowning, which we suppose must be ascribed to the pearl-fishery: four persons were killed by the fall of cocoa-nuts, and six by the bite of serpents. Out

of sixty inquests in the Kandyan provinces, seventeen persons were drowned, and no less than ten killed by wild elephants.—Ceylon is rapidly improving under the enlightened government of Sir Wilmot Horton; and this publication sufficiently proves, that the subordinate officers of state spare no pains to raise the intellectual, and consequently the moral character of the people entrusted to their charge. It will gratify these gentlemen to learn, that they have fellow labourers in Europe. M. Eugene Bournouf read to the Academy of Inscriptions at Paris, at the meetings of March 21 and 26, a very extended and learned memoir on the ancient names of the island of Ceylon, which forms the first part of the *Geographical and Historical Researches* respecting that island, which he is preparing for publication. He designs, we are informed, to collect all the names that the island has borne at different periods, from the native histories, and to compare them with the names given it by the writers of classical antiquity.

'*Narrative of the Second Voyage of Captain Ross*.'—This little volume is avowedly compiled principally from the report of the Committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the circumstances of the expedition. The evidence there given, has been judiciously thrown into a narrative form, and the work is pleasant reading, although, of course, it only strengthens our desire to see the promised volumes by Captain Ross.

'*A Dictionary of Geography*, by Josiah Conder.'—A Geographical Dictionary was much wanted. The *Edinburgh Gazetteer*, in six ugly volumes, is a poor affair, and what the *Encyclopædia of Geography* will be, we are not yet able to determine. Mr. Conder's work however is merely a manual for general use, but as such we can strongly recommend it. It combines ancient with modern geography—has been compiled with care—and is beautifully printed in clear type, and on good paper—no unworthy considerations in a work of reference.

'*Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau*. Second Edition.'—This clever book is now known to be written by Major Sir Francis Head. We can no otherwise apologise to him, for having delayed to announce the publication of this second edition, but by acknowledging that we had hoped to have found room for a few more extracts, which we are sure would have been most welcome to our readers—another opportunity will however occur, for the sale will not stop either at a second or a third edition.

'*Copland's Other Worlds*.'—The author aspires to be the Christian Fontenelle, and though his work exhibits little of the sparkling wit, and brilliant sentiment of the 'Plurality of Worlds,' it displays a more intimate acquaintance with science, and greater skill in the management of an argument.

'*Reid's Illustrations of Social Depravity*.'—The author means well, but he discusses political questions with far more zeal than knowledge.

'*The Corner Stone*.'—This is a theological work, and as such not exactly within our critical scope; it is however entitled to our praise for the simplicity and neatness of its style, and for the tone of moderation in which it discusses controversial topics.

'*Doddridge's Family Expositor*. Vol. III.'—The work itself needs no recommendation of ours, but this reprint is one of the cheapest and best we have yet seen: here are no less than six hundred large octavo pages, beautifully printed, and on good paper, for five shillings!

'*THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY*, Vol. VII. *Evans's Scripture Biography*.'—This work is well written: it inculcates in affectionate language the great truths of Revelation, and ably shows the importance of moral purity. The author limits

himself strictly to the letter of the Scriptures, and scarcely ventures on a single inferential statement; still less does he trust to the traditions of the Talmud or the Acta Sanctorum, and therefore his biographies, so far as they go, are authentic. On the other hand, however, they are deficient in interest, and resemble sermons rather than sketches of human life. We have no wish to see, what may be called "the romantic literature of Judaism and Christianity" revived; the dreams and traditions of the Rabbis and Fathers may safely be allowed to slumber in their honoured dust, on the shelves of monastic and collegiate libraries; but we think, that in a work on Scripture Biography some account should have been given of the labours ascribed to them: for instance, the Talmud expressly declares, that Ezra was the first who constructed the canon of the Jewish Scriptures, and it was worth while to examine what alterations and additions he made in the execution of his task. Did he adopt the Chaldean alphabet, instead of the old Samaritan? Is it to him that we must attribute the verses appended to the Pentateuch? In the life of Galileo, we find the indifference he showed to the disputes between the Jews and Hellenists treated as a sin; it was a political crime, and has no analogy to the case of a Christian living indifferent to divine truth.

'*Tholuck's Exposition of the Sermon on the Mount*. Vol. I.'—This is the sixth volume of the *Biblical Cabinet*, and the first we have seen of the series. If the rest are of equal or nearly equal value, we know of no publication more likely to serve the cause of sound Biblical Criticism, and consequently of pure Christianity. Tholuck displays little of that love for theory, which distinguishes the school of German theology, which has usurped the name of Rational. His interpretations are derived from the text, and from parallel passages of Holy Writ; his illustrations range over the accumulated stores of oriental literature, both ancient and modern. His Talmudical notes especially show deep research and great discrimination.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE public will learn with interest that a complete series of the acts of the French government, on the subject of popular instruction, has been transmitted to this country, and that the results, in a concise form, will shortly be presented to the public; the experiment, so far as it has been hitherto tried, has answered to the satisfaction of all parties.

The musical world, as was to be expected after so much excitement, is subsiding into more than ordinary quiet. We hear, however, that the performers at the Festival have entered into a subscription, which already amounts to a handsome sum, to enable them to present a piece of plate to Sir George Smart, in acknowledgment of the ability with which he conducted on that memorable occasion: and that at a general meeting of the Society of British Musicians, for the purpose of electing a Committee of Management, it was resolved, that to avoid all risk of undue influence, no person shall be considered as eligible to serve on the Committee, who is a director of any other musical society.—We may also mention, that a rehearsal takes place this day at the Hanover Square Rooms, of the new oratorio, composed by Neukomm, for the ensuing Festival at Birmingham; and that report speaks favourably of Mr. Loder's new opera, to be produced on Monday next.

We used to be of opinion, that Holland, Belgium, and all countries bordering on the Rhine, were utterly exhausted for literary purposes;—yet, Beckford and our friend of the Bubbles, contrived to awaken fresh enthusiasm

and delight—Mrs. Jameson gracefully to interest us—and we are now expecting with eagerness, 'Belgium and Western Germany,' by Mrs. Trollope, and 'The Beguine or Belgium,' by Lady Morgan. It would be a curious, and not very difficult thing, to write an anticipatory review of these latter works. Mrs. Trollope will, of course, pass like a blight over the country, withering up everything with unholty scorn, and holding every body up to ridicule, except here and there some imbecile worshippers of the old court; and as these are to be found at Bruges rather than Brussels, the odds are, that she will say more civil things of that sepulchral place, with its society of old women, than of the gay and delightful city of the Barricades and the Revolution—ending, perhaps, the first part of her work with a full-length portrait of 'the Flemish maids,' or, in other words, a contemptuous display of the household virtues of the Belgian women, which she will contrive to make imitatively ridiculous; and not recovering her good humour until she has crossed the frontier into Rhinish Prussia, where she will luxuriate for a time at Bonn, under the security of bayonets, among the first christian people to be met with after leaving Bruges; away then she will go with a light heart to the mountains, interspersing this part of her narrative with such visits to dungeons, &c. as would make stirring scenes in another 'Abbess.' Now, with the Irish lady, on the contrary, all will be *couleur de rose*. But as her work is not likely to appear for another month or two, we shall defer our speculations.

On Monday Messrs. Foster are to bring to the hammer the curiosities of Weeks's well-known Museum, in Coventry Street, Haymarket. It will be much the same thing, we imagine, as putting up the 'Singing Tree, the Talking Bird, and the Yellow Water,' to auction—as we find such items in the catalogue as the 'Palm-tree and Snakes,' the 'Pearl Eater,' and the 'Temple of Fountains;' and we could not help wishing, while we walked about among these and many other such treasures, that we had been some — years younger, that we might enjoy their wonders with proper childish admiration.—There is also exhibiting, at No. 17, Old Bond Street, previously to their being disposed of, a small collection of pictures, by the old masters. Among other fine works of art which it contains, is an 'Ecce Homo,' by Carlo Dolce; its meek, appealing, and yet resigned character appears in striking contrast with the well-known head by Guido, which hangs opposite to it, in the expression of which mortal agony predominates. There are also many other specimens of the works of celebrated masters.—It may be worth while also, too, to mention that the exhibition of *Ancient Court Costume*, is again open to the public. It is difficult to believe that *female humanity* (to use the Irishman's phrase) could ever thus disfigure itself by way of ornament—but the collection, so far as it goes, is curious, and, we think, must send home every lady who looks at it, well content with the fashions of her own attire.

The following announcement will probably interest the public, and therefore we set it forth with the publisher's display.

"THE COMIC SCRAP-BOOK."

Four Humorous Engravings.  
Each number will contain twelve pages of letter-press  
By T. Hood, Esq.

And the most popular Comic Writers of the day." Now, would it be believed that Mr. Hood never heard of the 'Comic Scrap-Book' until he read this announcement! As, however, the work is to be published by 'William Marshall, Holborn,' for whom Mr. Hood edited 'The Gleaner,' in the year 1828, he supposes that this "good easy man" hopes to quiet his conscience by serving up once again the old materials, and that it is on the strength of this double-dealing that

he has put Mr. Hood's name thus conspicuously forward. That gentleman, however, requests us to state these facts to the public, lest they should hereafter be of opinion that Mr. Marshall's advertisement had, in Hamlet's phrase, "marshalled them to knavery."

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ORIENTAL TRANSLATION COMMITTEE.

The annual meeting of this excellent institution was held at the rooms of the Royal Asiatic Society on Wednesday last, his Grace the Duke of Richmond in the chair. A very gratifying report was read by the Right Hon. Sir Gore Ouseley: having stated that the Committee had abstained from making a report last year, in consequence of the important political questions that then engrossed the public mind, it proceeded to describe the increased success of the institution. Forty-six volumes had been already published, and had been received with praise by the principal scholars of England and the continent. The most eminent orientalists in India and Europe had offered their services to the Committee, and enabled them to undertake works of greater extent and importance than any they had yet published. Copies of the following works, now in the course of publication, were laid upon the table:—*Ram Râz* on Hindû Architecture;—'The Harivansa,' a Sanscrit epic poem, edited and translated by M. Langlois; 'The Didascalia,' or Apostolic Constitutions of the Abyssinian Church, edited in Ethiopic, and translated by Mr. Platt;—a Fasciculus of the great Bibliographical Dictionary of Haji Khalifeh, on which D'Herbelot founded his *Bibliothèque Orientale*, edited and translated into Latin by Professor Flügel;—the fifth part of the *Travels of Macarius*, translated by Mr. Belfour;—a Native History of Japan, translated by M. Klaproth;—the *Chronicle of Tabari*, whom the judicious Ockley named the Mohammedan Livy, translated by M. Dubeuf;—and a second volume of *Miscellaneous Translations*.

It was announced that the following works were in the press:—the History of Guzerat, translated by Mr. Bird;—'The Dabistan,' translated by Mr. Shea;—the second part of the History of the Afghans, translated by Dr. Dorn;—The Divan of the Kuzellis, a valuable collection of ancient Arabic poetry, translated by Professor Kosegarten;—a Chinese Treatise on Rewards and Punishments, translated by Professor Julien;—Rabbi Joseph's Hebrew Chronicles, translated by Dr. Bialloblosky;—a popular Hindustani Romance, translated by M. Garcin de Tassy;—the continuations of Macarius, Evliyâ Effendi, the Maritime Wars of the Turks, and the Turkish Annals of Naima.

Translations of the following works have been offered to the Committee:—a Sanscrit Epic, by Dr. Stenzler;—'The Pavilion of the West,' a Chinese drama, by Professor Julien;—Macrisi's History of Egypt, by M. Quatremere;—a Turkish History of China, by Professor Flescher;—the Lives of Hyder and Tippoo, by Mr. Reed;—a Genealogical History of the Tatars, by Colonel Miles;—the 'Vishnu Purana,' an original Sanscrit Grammar, and a Hindû Mythological Dictionary, by Professor Wilson.

The Committee had received an offer of assistance from Señor Gyan Gos, an eminent Spanish orientalist, who promises to examine for them the valuable treasures of Arabic literature contained in the libraries of the Escurial, the Spanish Academy, and other great public institutions of Spain. He has already discovered two Arabic dramas, a species of literature with which the Saracenic nations were supposed to be unacquainted.

The labours of the branch committees were then noticed with merited applause, and the great advantages to be expected from that insti-

tuted at Rome by the exertions of the Earl of Munster, were especially pointed out. Allusion was made to the establishment of a British consul at Damascus, a city scarcely second to Mecca in the rigid exclusion of Christians, and whose libraries contain the most precious relics of the golden age of Arabic literature. The spread of the English language in India was noticed as a ground for hope that the Hindûs themselves would join in translating their national works, and imitate the example of the late Ram Râz.

Regret was expressed for the resignations of Sir G. C. Haughton and Professor Shakespeare, who had successively held the post of Honorary Secretary, and conferred the most important benefits on the institution. The Committee, among other donations, acknowledged the receipt of some valuable manuscripts procured by Lieutenant Burnes in Bokhara. Among the new subscribers to the institution, we noticed with peculiar pleasure the names of the Imperial Academy of Sciences and Imperial University of St. Petersburg.

The ordinary routine of motions was diversified by Sir Alexander Johnstone, who moved a vote of thanks to the *Congregatio de Propaganda Fide*, at Rome. He stated the great value of accurate information respecting the East to England at the present moment, and showed the great facilities which that institution possessed for acquiring knowledge, and the unwearied zeal and industry with which its members had laboured for its attainment. All the vast stores of oriental information acquired by them during two centuries, and accumulated in the archives of the Congregation, had been thrown open to the Royal Asiatic Society by the liberality of the present Pope and his council: nay, His Holiness was so pleased with the liberality evinced by the British parliament, in providing for the security of the Roman Catholic churches in India, that he had resolved in future to send British subjects only to perform clerical duties in that country, lest the national feelings of others should render them hostile to the British government. Five missionaries had proceeded from Stonyhurst within the last few weeks to Calcutta, and before their departure, they had, by the Pope's directions, visited the Asiatic Society, to offer their services in forwarding its objects, and had promised to send to the Society periodical reports of their investigations and discoveries, as, in the last century, the Jesuit missionaries used to do to the Congregation de *propaganda fide*. Five more missionaries, chosen from the English College at Rome, and destined for Madras, were daily expected in London, and it was understood that they had received similar directions.

The meeting concluded with a vote of thanks to the chairman.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—July 7.—Various donations of books and insects were announced, including a valuable series of insects preserved in amber by Dr. Berendt of Dantzic. The following papers were read: Observations upon certain British species of Dromius, by C. C. Babbington, Esq., M.A.—On a new British genus of Neuropterous Insects belonging to the family Hemorobiidae, by Mr. Westwood.—On a new genus of Weevils from St. Helena, by M. Chevrolat.—Note upon the British genera Acentria, Acentropus, and Zancle, by Mr. Westwood;—and the conclusion of Mr. Templeton's Descriptions of the Thysanura Hibernica.

A long discussion took place upon the ravages of the cane-fly, a minute species of the Cicada of Linnaeus, which at the present time is committing incredible mischief in Grenada and other West India islands. It was stated by a gentleman present, recently arrived from the former island, that in some instances not less than two-

thirds of the entire crops have been destroyed, and that the first appearance of the insect was preceded by a violent hurricane. A Committee was appointed, with a view to discover the precise mode of the attacks of the insect, and if possible to suggest a remedy.

## MUSIC

## KING'S THEATRE.

SINCE our last report, though there has been some semblance of novelty (in the ballet department), there has been little in reality. Their Majesties have visited the theatre; Taglioni, and Tamburini, and the Elsslers have taken their benefits (the latter and Perrot have departed for the season); the house has been fully attended, and the performances, for the most part, excellent. In particular, we know not how the cast of 'Il Barbiere,' which included Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, and Giubilei, could have been strengthened; and the perfection of the performance of this opera was such as to make us forget how often we have listened to 'Piano, pianissimo,' and how long we have been tired with 'Zitti, zitti.' It afforded us a proof (if there were any wanting) that the extreme of vivacity, and the presence of refinement, were quite compatible. Grisi and Tamburini seemed to act from the inspiration of the moment, and to pour out their melodies and cadenzas, not because they were written, but as if they could not help it—and the consequence was, as might be expected, rapturous applause. Worn out as the opera is, it is worth coming any distance to see in its present cast, and we shall accept of no other *Figaro* in place of Tamburini, who seems to revel in the part from the 'Largo al factotum,' with which it begins, to the 'Felicità,' with which every Italian *opera buffa* concludes, as a matter of course.

## THEATRICALS

## VICTORIA THEATRE.

WE have the pleasure of reporting the continued success of Miss Mitford's tragedy; and we are happy to gather from the daily papers, that such success has been of the best sort for all parties concerned—the substantial. No remarks on it have been published, (that we have seen,) more reasonable, more honest, or more just than those contained in the authoress's own preface. It is too long for our columns, or we would insert it; but we recommend those who are near enough, to visit the Victoria—and those who are not, to purchase a printed copy of the play, and judge for themselves. Productions of this class are so much wanted from writers of Miss Mitford's original power, that the gratification with which we hail them when they appear, unfits us for reviewing them with perfect impartiality. A candid pointing out of defects, might be mistaken for a determination to find fault; and as we could not conscientiously plead guilty to such a charge, we are not inclined to expose ourselves to it. We shall, therefore, do little but repeat our testimony to the talent which this play discloses—or rather, to the well-known talent which it is calculated to make still better known,—and proceed, by extracts, to let Miss Mitford speak for herself. The subject, so dramatic in itself, and apparently (the power of good writing being pre-supposed) so easily convertible to dramatic purposes, is one which we have no doubt has proved to be full of difficulties. These will have arisen chiefly from the events which compose it being so familiar even to those least generally conversant with the history of their country, as to render any material deviation from them, or even any introduction, for the purpose of heightening dramatic effect, extremely dangerous. If we say that Miss Mitford has not succeeded in conquering all these difficulties, we shall make

the only concession we choose to make on such an occasion, to those (if such there be amongst our readers,) who think that churlishness is an essential ingredient in criticism. If Shakespeare were alive, and were to write a play upon this subject, it would probably be called 'The Life and Death of King Charles the First;' the four first acts would embrace the prominent events of ten or fifteen years, at least, previously to his death, and the fifth would present those which immediately preceded and attended the trial and condemnation. Miss Mitford's is more simple in construction; that which we imagine would have been Shakespeare's fifth act, is her whole play. It is, in short, a study, and a very clever one, of the character of Cromwell, all the other characters, including Charles himself, being made, as Cromwell afterwards made them in real life, subordinate to him. The first act opens with a meeting between *Ireton*, *Harrison*, *Pride*, *Downes*, and *Marten*. To them enters *Cromwell*, newly returned from victory;—affected humility and hypocritical cant hang upon his first words.

*Marten*. In good time comes the general. Valiant Cromwell, thy praise was on our lips.

*Crom*. Not mine—not mine—Praise to the Lord of Hosts, whose mighty shield Buckled us in the battle—whose right arm Strengthened us when we made! Praise to the Lord! For his poor instruments, the meanest soldier Does his great duty—we no more. My masters, Have ye no news astir?

Towards the end of the scene, *Harrison* and *Pride* re-enter.

*Crom*. What make ye here again?

*Pride*. Best thou not hear A mutiny among the soldiers!

*Har*. Nay, But half a score malignants, who would fain Stir up the soldiery.

*Crom*. And they?

*Har*. They listen, But move not.

*Crom*. Seize the traitors—shoot them dead—

If any murmur, still then top. Let death Follow offence as closely as the sound Of the barquebus's flash. Art thou not gone? What stops thee?

*Har*. Be more merciful.

*Crom*. Why this?

Is mercy. If thou saw'st one, match in hand, Approach a mine hollowed beneath some rich And populous town, would'st strike him down at once, Or wait till he had fired the train?

*Har*. At once!

At once!

*Crom*. Well?

A scene follows, in which Charles is discovered at Carisbrook: *Harrison* arrives, with orders to conduct him to London for trial, and so ends the act.

The second act opens with Commissioners, Lawyers, &c., assembled in the Painted Chamber, to frame the indictment. *Cromwell* arrives, and objects to its length:—

*Crom*. Fling aside These cumbering subtleties—this maze of words—

And in brief, homely phrase, such as the soldier May coo over his watch-fire, or the milkmaid Wonderingly murmur as she tends her kine, Or the young boy trace in his first huge scroll, Or younger girl, sew in her sampler—say That we arraign Charles Stuart, King of England, For warring on his people: let this deed Be clear and open, as becometh the men On whom the Lord has set his seal.

Scene II. is a gallery leading to the King's prison. The Queen enters with *Lady Fairfax*—her approach to the King is opposed by the sentinel—*Cromwell* enters, and, with seeming charity, orders that she shall pass: *Lady Fairfax* remonstrates with him:—

*Lady F*. Urge not this bloody trial.

*Crom*. Whoso saith That the trial shall be bloody? He who reads All hearts. He only knows how my soul yearns Toward yonder pair.

A very clever scene follows, and ends the second act, first between the King and Queen, and afterwards between them and *Cromwell*, wherein the Queen endeavours to win *Cromwell* from his purpose, by promises, in the King's name, of large rewards and honours:—

*Queen*. Choose thine office. Keep the name Thy sword hath rendered famous. Be Lord Vicar; Be Captain of the Guard; forbid this suit— Thou canst an if thou wilt—be Charles's friend, And second man in the kingdom.

*Crom*. Second! Speak'st thou These tempting words to me? I nor preside O'er Court or Parliament; I am not, Madam, Lord General of the Army. Seek those great ones— My place is in the ranks—wouldst thou make me The second in the kingdom? Seek those great ones. The second!

*Queen*. Thou, and well thou know'st it, *Cromwell*, Art the main prop of this rebellion. General, Lord President! what are they but thy tools— Thy puppets—moved by thy directing will, As chessmen by the skilful player? 'Tis thou That art the master-spirit of the time— Idol of people and of army—leader Of the fanatic Commons—judge, sole judge Of this unrighteous cause.

*Crom*. And she would make me

The second man in the kingdom!

The third act is entirely occupied with the trial: it is cleverly written, but somewhat too long. The introduction of the Queen is decidedly objectionable.

The following is Charles's beautiful address to *Cromwell* after sentence has been passed:—

*King*. For ye, My subject judges, I could weep; for thee Beloved and lovely country. Thou wilt groan Under the tyrant Many till some bold And crafty soldier, one who in the field Is brave as the roused lion, at the council Watchful and gentle as the couchant pard, The lovely spotted pard, what time she stoops To spring upon her prey; one who puts on To win each several soul, his several sin, A stern fanatic, a smooth hypocrite, A fierce republican, a coarse buffoon, Always a great bad man; till he shall come And climb the vacant throne, and fix him there, A more than King. *Cromwell*, if such thou know'st, Tell him the rack would prove an easier couch Than he shall find that throne; tell him the crown On an usurper's brow will scorch and burn As though the diamonded and emerald round Were framed of glowing steel.

*Crom*. Hath his dread wrath

Smitten thee with frenzy?

*King*. Tell him, for thou know'st him, That doubt and discord, like fell harpies, wait Around the usurper's board. By night, by day, Beneath the palace roof, beneath that roof More fair, the summer sky, fear shall appal, And danger threaten, and all natural loves With and die; till, on his dying bed, Old fore his time, the wretched traitor lies Heart-broken; then, for well thou know'st him, *Cromwell*,

Bid him to think on me, and how I fell, Hewn in my strength and prime, like a proud oak, The tallest of the forest, that but shivers His glorious top and dies. Oh! thou shalt envy, In thy long agony, my fall, that shakes A kingdom, but not me.

In the fourth act word is brought to *Cromwell* that the Lords Commissioners refuse to sign the warrant. He hastens to them in the Painted Chamber, and then follows the most stirring and spirited scene in the play. The manner in which the strength of *Cromwell's* mind is brought to bear upon the weakness of his tools, in which he coaxes one—threatens another—but ends in making them all sign, is excellent, and highly dramatic. We regret that we have not room to extract from it.

The first scene of the fifth act, a long one between the King and Queen, is omitted in the representation, and the act commences in the room in Whitehall, through one of the windows of which the King was conducted to execution. We should have preferred the Abbey bell announcing that all is over, and the conclusion of the play in this scene, instead of its being deferred, as it is, till the next, where we have a re-appearance of the distracted Queen—but it is easy to be "a prophet of the past;" perhaps, after the first representation, Miss Mitford thought as we did.

The play ends thus:—

*Fairfax*. Look to the Queen. *Cromwell*, this bloody work is thine.

*Crom*. This work is mine, For you sad dame, She shall away to France. This deed is mine And I will answer it. The Commonwealth Is firmly established, *Ireton*, *Harrison*,



The saints shall rule in Israel. My Lord General,  
The army is thine own; and I a soldier—  
A lowly follower in the cause. This deed  
Is mine.

The play has been produced as to scenery, and as to costume, except in some minor points, in a style very creditable to the establishment. That it was under-acted, upon the whole, cannot be concealed. The chief weight, of course, rests upon Mr. Cathcart's shoulders, as the representative of *Cromwell*. Never having seen him in any other character, we were not so well able to form a just opinion of his merits in this. We changed our mind about his pretensions several times during the course of his performance, but eventually came to the conclusion, that he was an actor of considerable power, and considerable thought. If we request our readers to remember, in addition to this, that he laboured under the anxiety of a first appearance, increased by the knowledge that the fate of Miss Mitford's play rested in a great measure on his success, they will at once see that more allowance was to be made for him than, in truth, he needed. We have heard, from several quarters, that the authoress's approbation of him is unqualified; and we have heard, from one on which we can rely, that he appears to much greater advantage now that he is more at his ease.

#### MISCELLANEA

**Horticultural Society.**—The third exhibition took place at the Society's garden on Saturday last, and was productive of as much, if not more, gratification than the two preceding. Thirty-seven medals were adjudged for some of the finest fruit and flowers in the kingdom, and the number of visitors was upwards of three thousand.

**Captain David Thompson.**—We have just received intelligence of the decease at the Mauritius, of this well-known computer and author of the Lunar and Horary Tables, and inventor of the Longitude Scale, in consequence of severe injuries received during the hurricane which recently devastated that colony. The work which has brought Captain Thompson's name into note among men of science, is his solution of the problem, of clearing the apparent distance of the moon from other celestial bodies, from the effects of parallax and refraction—one of the most useful in nautical astronomy; and he received from the late celebrated Baron de Zach, high commendation for his skill and success in this investigation, and from the late Board of Longitude, a tardy acknowledgment of the high merit of his Tables. All methods which solve this problem by approximative formulæ being in some particular cases defective, Captain Thompson undertook the arduous task of resolving the spherical triangle, for every case which can occur in practice. The correction to one of the approximative formulæ which he adopted, was thus obtained, in every individual case; and these single results were classed in a Table of triple entry, embracing all the cases which can possibly occur. The seaman takes out from the Table the number required for each case, with great ease, and adds it to the calculated numerical value of the approximative formulæ, the defect of which Captain Thompson's Table is intended to supply, and he thus obtains a perfectly correct solution. Captain T. also invented a scale adapted to the solution of the same problem, which is made use of by many mariners.

**Royal Military Academy.**—Thomas Stephens Davies, well known to the mathematical world by his geometrical investigation respecting the hour lines on antique dials, the equations of loci on the surface of a sphere, and by other researches connected with the geometry of the ancients, and the application of mathematical reasoning to the phenomena of modern science, has, we learn, just been appointed one of the Mathematical Masters in the Royal Military

Academy at Woolwich, in the place of Mr. Havelly, resigned.

**Scientific Expedition on the Mediterranean.**—The French government have placed a steam-boat at the disposal of Baron Taylor, with which he is to explore the coasts of the Mediterranean for a scientific object. M. Alexandre Dumas is to accompany him.

**New Athens.**—We learn, by letters from Greece in the French papers, that the plans for building the new city are very magnificent. Architects are accustomed to run a little wild on paper, and we might have inferred that, upon such an occasion, they would not rein in their beautiful fancies; but when we read that the new city is to unite all the architectural beauties to be found in all the principal cities of Europe, and see buildings after the Palaces Royal and the Tuileries at Paris, and the Piazza San Marco at Venice, specifically named as among its embellishments, we are inclined to ask, in sober seriousness, where the money is to come from? The designs are for a city to contain, in the first instance, 80,000 inhabitants, and all the streets and squares are to be named after the illustrious men of antiquity. The capital will be only an hour's ride from a capacious port, round which is to be built a commercial town, which is to form a sort of suburb to New Athens. The same letter also states, that an engineer has been sent to Syria in order to superintend the construction of various edifices rendered necessary by the increase of commerce: among them is a lighthouse, which is to be erected at the entrance to the port of Syria, an entrepôt for merchandize, and a new lazaretto. The latter has become absolutely necessary; for as every vessel which arrives, no matter its destination, has to perform quarantine either at Hydra or Syria, the lazaretto of Syria is at present always encumbered with merchandize.

**Embalming in France.**—At the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers at Paris, is to be seen a mummy prepared by Messrs. Capron and Boniface after a peculiar process of their own, by which they are enabled to preserve the body without alteration for a very considerable period. The mummy in question is the body of a person who died from consumption on the 1st of October, 1831, at the age of 42—his features are said to be perfectly recognizable by the persons who knew him: other specimens, which for ten years have resisted every change of temperature, to which they have been exposed by way of experiment, may also be seen there. Messrs. Capron and Boniface have overcome one difficulty, which was hitherto thought insurmountable—they are able to preserve the internal parts of the body, the brain, lungs, heart, entrails, &c., in a perfect state: the body is, in fact, kept exactly as at the time of decease.

**Billiard Tables.**—We have just seen what the inventor, Mr. Thurston, of Catherine Street, calls his Petrosian Table; and certainly the smoothness of surface, and the elasticity of the cushions, appeared to us very admirable, and sufficiently so to justify us in recommending it to the attention of those more skilled in such matters than we pretend to be.

**Strange Sale.**—The following advertisement is seriously said to be from a Newfoundland paper of the 10th ult.:

"Auction.—To-morrow, at 12 o'clock in the forenoon, if not previously redeemed. At the house now occupied by Mrs. Traverse, the undermentioned articles, taken by distress for Rent, due from the Legislative Assembly of Newfoundland to the subscriber, viz.:—One large Desk, containing 8 drawers, filled with a variety of books and papers of every description—One small ditto, used exclusively by the Speaker, and filled also with books and papers, and a portfolio of great value—The Speaker's Chair, stuffed, and ele-

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#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of Week. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds.       | Weather. |
|---------------|--------------------|------------------|--------------|----------|
| Thurs. 3      | 74 50              | 29.85            | N.E.         | Clear.   |
| Frid. 4       | 78 58              | 29.97            | N.E.         | Idtte.   |
| Sat. 5        | 74 50              | 29.94            | N.E.         | Cloudy.  |
| Sun. 6        | 71 60              | 29.89            | N.E. to S.W. | Rain.    |
| Mon. 7        | 78 61              | 29.85            | S.W.         | Cloudy.  |
| Tues. 8       | 75 54              | 29.80            | S.E.         | Rain.    |
| Wed. 9        | 75 55              | 29.86            | N.W.         | Cloudy.  |

**Prevailing Clouds.**—Cumulus, Cumulostratus, Cirrocumulus, Cirrostratus, Nimbus.

Nights fair except on Saturday. Mornings fair excepting Sunday. Much thunder on Sunday.

Mean temperature of the week, 66°. Greatest variation, 24°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.86. Day decreased on Wednesday, 14°.

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

N. C. D. C. H. E.—M. B.—G. D. T.—C. M. received. We cannot but feel greatly obliged to L. J. J., although the communication is not exactly suited to this paper. If the writer will send her address, the MS. shall be returned.

**Errata.**—P. 469, col. 2, line 62, for "starry language graven on the face of the nightly heaven" read "mighty heaven." This mighty blunder of the printers has drawn down upon us the indignation of the author of the work on Ichthyosauri, &c., who writes that, so much of the review, as was made use of in the review, was grossly misquoted, as nightly heaven instead of mighty heaven, &c. &c. The "ac. &c." we will correct when informed of them.



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